

The Return of Maestro Insana 1

The world was holding its bad breath
In apprehension. As thousands cheered
The Maestro cleared his smog-lined throat,
Checked to see whether his fly was closed,
And emerged from his Toynbeeian withdrawal
To the challenge of this brave new world.
It can be said (without exaggeration or undue
Braggadocio) that not since Return to Peyton Place
Or Beyond the Valley of the Dolls had a second
Coming been awaited with such keen apathy.

The Return of Maestro Insana 2

His eyes not yet adjusted to the hot light
Of pink and blue neon, yet eager to begin
Again his lonely search for truth and beauty,
He pulled down the brim of his slouch cap
And ducked hastily into a skin-flick palace.
He carried a worried look on his face as he
Came out, like that of a man feeling a hand
Drop suddenly on his shoulder as he is window-peeping.